

fashion of college girls—then, I say, looking over photographs ceases to be commonplace.

Betty had no end of pleasant stories to tell of the college life; of its good times and disappointments; of the days when she visited the great city and walked through the busy streets which Aunt Hetty had never seen; of the concert when Betty had been showered with roses by her enthusiastic classmates, and how some of the roses were as large across as a saucer, and so sweet; of the days when she worked so busily to refashion the three seasons' old hats or gowns into dainty confections fit to be worn by the side of the gay headgear of her companions. She lived over again all her pleasant college days, her freshman hopes, sophomore ambitions and junior triumphs. She brought out Rose's banjo and made Aunt Hetty's face shine with youthful delight as she sang the lively boating songs and rollicking tunes beloved of college girls and men. For Aunt Hetty had been a lively girl, too, in her day, and loved merry times. She would always be a little gayer in spirit, a little less likely to sit down in her old brown, worn room and think of her bereavements, than she had been; and once in awhile, out in the little orchard where not even the hired man could hear her, or by the winter hearth when the wise cat was asleep, she would hum to herself, with great satisfaction, some of these college airs.

They had a pretty luncheon of bouillon, lettuce sandwiches, fresh eggs, berries, and a great golden custard pie, Aunt Hetty's special delight. Then Betty's deft fingers attacked the time-worn black bonnet, to make it look a little more "like folks," as its owner expressed it; and if a particular piece of black ribbon which was to have made a smart bow on her own little turban "made sunshine in a shady place," so to speak, on the dreary waste of that ancient piece of head-gear, I think that none of Betty's friends missed it, because under the turban was a face that made you forget what was above it.

"Who gives himself with his alms, feed three,—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—Helen M. North, in Demorest's Magazine.

Queer Guests.

Lady Morgan records in her "Diary" that while dining at the palace of the archbishop of Taranto she met with guests whose presence would have been more becoming to the playroom of a boy than to the dining room of an Italian prelate. Between the first and second courses the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantaleone, Desdemona, Otello, etc. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as motionless, as well behaved as one could desire. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to assist Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship and observed: "Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts."—Youth's Companion.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say,
In what sweet and varied way—
Loving her this way and that;
For a ribbon on her hat—
For her soft cheek's crimson dyes—
For a trick of her blue eyes!
How I love her none may say,
Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her none may know;
Who can say why roses grow?
How, where'er it breathes and blows,
Till the rough wind loves the rose?
For her lips, so honey sweet,
For the falling of her feet—
Who shall all my love declare?
Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her none may say;
In the winter, in the May—
In all seasons, dark or bright,
Love by day and love by night!
For her glance, her smile; the mere
Presence of her there and here!
In my sighing, in my song,
Still I love her all life long!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE NEW YORK ALPS.

A New Jersey Man's View of the City in 1920.

It was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, I had inveigled a friend into showing me its marvelous sights.

"I hope you've brought an overcoat," he said, to my amazement, as we started out. "You will need it," he added, moping his forehead. As he spoke we turned into a narrow street running north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as if it blew from the ferny depths of a canyon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buildings. Far above, between their black sides, ran a silver ribbon of sky.

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he exclaimed.

"But what is the reason for this sudden change in the weather?" I asked, fearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glance at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping. "That is my old homestead," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must have been!"

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth floor. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you, Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that window!"

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us.

"Looking for your old homestead?" he asked. "Hire one of my fine telescopes."

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable every day."

I thought it a kindness to check unhappy reminiscences, so I said: "But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a place?"

"Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum—we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals—neither dogs, chickens nor horses."

"That was hard."

"Yes; still I love the old spot."

As we talked we threaded our way through Ravine street and Gulley way, always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. I was thinking the while of the sweet, idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and I asked: "Is there not ground enough, that people should take to building castles in the air?"

"Is it possible, men, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of those buildings?"

"Frankly, no; and, moreover, I've been racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes."

"The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the Isothermal lines representing its summer climate—red being torrid; green, temperate; white, approaching arctic. Well, I'd no idea you knew so little of the world; you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said: "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend the Refrigerator. It only takes a day and a half."

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?"

"Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweeter here, and once there we'll have peaches for tea and toboggan slides after. I know some delightful people, too—the first families of the Refrigerator, who claim to have come up in the first translator."

The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward.

The first stations were hot, noisy slams, and, as I am rich and poverty annoys me, I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in